

OPENING AND CLOSING OF MAILS

IRONTON POST OFFICE.
Morning Mail—Night Trains. Opened at 7:00 a. m.
Day Trains. Closed at 1:30 p. m.
Evening Mail—Day Trains. Opened at 5:15 p. m.
Night Trains. Closed at 7:55 p. m.
Money Order business opens at 8:00 o'clock, a. m., and owing to the rush of mail business in the evening the window will close promptly at 7:30 p. m.
Office hours on Sundays and holidays: from 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 1:30 to 3:00 p. m. and 6:00 to 7:00 p. m.
Patrons of the office will please take notice and govern themselves accordingly.
A. P. Vance, Postmaster.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Almost hog-killin' time!
The parade was a lulu, sure!
The colored band played grandly.
Ironton Lodge, K. P., to-morrow night.
The day of the gobbler is right at hand.
Do the early birds catch "the of-fices."
Only two more weeks till Thanksgiving.
Judge Zwart is holding Probate Court this week.
Midian R. A. Chapter, No. 71, meets next Tuesday evening.
Several communications are perforce laid over until next week.
Nice live Ladies' and Children's Underwear, cheap, at the Racket Store.
The details of the national election are given on the inside pages of this paper.
Madam Rumor has it that there are to be several weddings in the near future.

Star of the West Lodge, No. 133, A. F. & A. M., meets Saturday evening this week.

Services at the Baptist Church Sunday, November 15th, by Rev. Dr. Morton. All are invited.

The dead sea apple of disappointment is hanging ripe for more than one golden-crowned patriot in this locality.

We notice the Baptist Church is being repaired through and through. The woodwork is being painted inside and out.

Married—In Kansas City, the 21st of October, **CARRIE KITCHELL**, of Bellevue, to **CHARLES G. DUNLAP** of said city.

Another business house was opened in Ironton Monday—the Racket Store, in the building formerly occupied by D. F. Reese.

Judge Emerson, we are glad to say, is steadily improving in health, and will be around as usual in the course of a couple of weeks.

Miss Bertie Crow preached to a large congregation in the M. E. Church, Ironton, Tuesday evening. She was on her way to Shannon county.

Eleven prisoners are at present confined in the Iron county jail: one from Iron, two from Reynolds, and eight from the domains of Uncle Sam.

Wayne county elected her Democratic ticket clean through, despite the Republicans, the Goldbugs, and the Holladay-Klotz Lumber Company.

J. H. Diggs, traveling solicitor for the St. Louis Republic, called on us yesterday. He, too, thinks that "no cause is settled until it is settled right."

The City Council met in regular session last Monday evening. The usual routine business was gone through with, but none of special import was transacted.

It is safe to say that there wasn't a voter in the "grand parade" last Monday night but would have rejoiced to exchange McKinley for the late Republican county ticket.

The ladies of the Catholic church at Graniteville will give a Festival in Workmen's Hall on Monday evening, Nov. 23d. We shall say more about it next week. See advertisement on this page.

Among the applicants for Register of Surveys, it is rumored, are Bro. Scruggs and Rev. Geo. H. Duty, while Rev. Morton will try for Receiver. For the post-office Messrs. Purkiss, Beard and Bishop are rumored to be in line.

Ironton is again without telegraphic communication with the outer world—except by way of Arcadia. The agent "kicked" at getting only ninety cents a month for the Western Union work, and last Saturday the company pulled out the wire.

The good old-time Southern darkey with his queer customs and superstitions is admirably set forth in *Demorest's Magazine* by Mary Annable Fenton. Howard Helmick contributes six full-page drawings, and the smaller illustrations are characteristic and delightful.

D. M. Mable, Esq., editor of the *Dexter Republican*, was in Ironton Monday, and while here called at the Register's office. He was on his way to St. Louis, where he goes to buy a cylinder press, to take the place of the slower machine he has been using to grind out his edition.

The members of Sylvan Lodge, D. of R., will give a grand ball and supper at the Academy of Music, Wednesday evening, November 25th. The best of music will be employed, and an elegant supper served. Tickets to ball and supper, per couple, \$1.25. Invitations will be issued in a few days.

The beneficiaries of Jas. W. Prough, deceased, will in a few days receive \$2,000 insurance on his life. Mr. Prough was a member of Ironton Camp, No. 3765, Modern Woodmen of America, and the money is now in the hands of the officers of the Camp. This is quick work, and speaks well for the order.

Demorest's Christmas Number opens with a most interesting article called "The Cradle of Christianity," being a series of sketches of the Holy Land, written by the Rev. Dr. Thomas P. Hughes, who has traveled all over that part of the world. It is copiously illustrated with several full-page and many other smaller pictures.

While the parade was passing Mr. D. O'Donnell's house in Pilot Knob last Monday evening, some malicious scoundrel threw a stone through one of the windows. Mr. O'Donnell would give a brand new five-dollar bill to know who would be mean enough to do such a thing. Of course no one regrets the occurrence more than the reputable people who took part in the demonstration of that evening.

Married—By Rev. Dr. H. T. Morton, Wednesday evening, 5 o'clock, at the residence of the bride's parents, Bellevue, Mr. S. P. RINGO and Miss DORA VAN NORT. Only relatives and most intimate friends were present. The REGISTER extends congratulations to the happy groom and the fair bride, and hopes their future may bring to them all the happiness the gods can give to their most favored children.

Lee Usher met Wm. Belcher near the sawmill in Arcadia last Saturday, and after a few preliminary remarks, had a "scrap." Belcher's head, when he came out of the fight, was swelled to about twice its usual size. He had Usher arrested, who pleaded guilty of common assault, and was fined a dollar and costs. He didn't "pussy up" and went to jail in consequence, but a few hours later raised the necessary \$13.80, and regained his liberty.

The weather Tuesday was about as dreary as this section is ever afflicted with. The wind blew in strong gusts from the south, and chilled to the bone all who were exposed to it. The sky was dark and gloomy, and there was just enough of rain to make out-door life unhealthful and uncomfortable. But Southeast Missouri consoling itself with the reflection that it has the minimum of that sort of weather, and hopefully awaits the return of its normal climate.

Waldren, the merchant tailor, lately occupying a room in Dr. Farrar's building, left for parts unknown last Saturday night. He had been on a "high lonesome" for several days, and perhaps left in disgust consequent upon the slim supply of red liquor at the forced dosing of his spouse. Dr. Farrar yesterday received a postal card from him, asking that the things left in the shop be taken care of until further notice. The place where the card had been posted could not be deciphered.

Stephen Lay of Bellevue had a runaway—or, to be more explicit, two runaways—last Tuesday morning. He drove in from home that morning all right, until he came to the Ironton station. There they were unloading a lot of Shetland ponies belonging to the St. Louis Ore & Steel Company, and when Steve's horse saw them he took fright and ran back clear up to the north end of Pilot Knob town. There the horse was checked and faced south again. He came all right until he again caught sight of the ponies when he took another bolt. This time he ran to the Knob crossing, when Steve once more turned him toward Ironton, and finally succeeded in reaching his destination. Probably because the ponies had gotten out of sight.

Wholly—Say, Cholly, did you hear that about the moon?

Cholly—What moon?

W.—Why the moon, the celestial orb "that shines so bright," etc.

C.—What's the matter with the moon?

W.—Why, it's going to rise on Monday, Nov. 23, at 7:14 p. m., nearly full—full of light and brightness.

C.—Well?

W.—Well, don't you see that will make it very pleasant for all the young ladies and—no—there are no old ladies—I mean all the ladies and all gentlemen, young and old, to go to the Grand Soiree and Festival at Graniteville Monday evening, the 23d of November. Isn't that a good one?

C.—I don't know about that being a good one, but I do know that the Soiree and Festival will be a good one, and I'm going to go.

W.—Well, am I, and everyone else who wants to enjoy himself.

Our Republican friends had their parade last Monday night. At about seven o'clock the line formed at the courthouse square, and marched thence to Arcadia and return, and then proceeded to Pilot Knob and back. A number of people on horseback and in carriages attended the procession. Several houses on Main street were illuminated, and a good many more were not. Blue and red lights were burned at one or two points in town, and a few Roman candles gave a sunburst of glorious greeting to the passing column. It is estimated that there were—counting men, women, boys, and the colored brother—not to exceed two hundred in line. But it was a joyful occasion, nevertheless, and the ribbons of the marshals gaily shone in the glaring torch-light. There were nine transparencies of various sizes and patterns, but strange to say not one of them bore for its legend the important and pertinent query—"What Are We Here For?"

Immortal Flanagan, art thou so soon forgot by thy dearest devotees? But the procession marched on and on to Pilot Knob town and then marched back again. In the meantime, the cannons roared, the band played, the marchers shouted, and the hills resounded to the joyful clamor. The pale moon which hung quivering in the west extended its horns in sympathy and the attendant stars twinkled their accord. But the sweetest things on earth are evanescent, and this glorious occasion could be no exception to a rule which knows no exceptions. A few hours was all that Father Time allowed, and by nine o'clock, or thereabouts, the procession was disbanded, the torches were doused, and the marchers ceased their shouts for McKinley and the golden finance of Albin's haughty isle. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Good advice: Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by all dealers.

Arcadia News.

Rev. and Mrs. L. F. Aspley went over to Fredericktown Monday on a visit to relatives.

Miss Blanche Fletcher went up to St. Louis Monday morning.

Several of the Arcadia young beaux visited their best girls at Graniteville Sunday, and didn't get home "till mornin'"—3 o'clock.

H. S. Rittenhouse and Wm. Gosney drove over to Fredericktown Saturday afternoon and returned home Sunday.

The Republican parade on Monday night was something after the order of the Republican speaking reported in the REGISTER several weeks ago, considerably mixed. There were women, men, boys and negroes in the procession, the negroes often side by side with the whites. The interesting feature of the parade was the sweet (?) music discoursed by the negro band. There were several banners suitable to the party represented.

H. S. Rittenhouse and wife are packing up their household goods this week preparatory to leaving the Valley. They do not know yet just where they will go.

"The goodness of the pudding is in the eating," and everybody who was present at the Arcadia Young Men's Club initial hop on last Friday night pronounced it "good." In the first place, unlike the course of true love, everything connected with the management and arrangements for this occasion ran smooth. Sometimes here the conductors of an entertainment or enterprise plot contrariwise, but not so in this instance. All was harmony, peace, soul-contentment, and sweet trustfulness. The large dining room, in which the hop was given, was in blaze of light, the music was grand, the ladies divine, their dresses superb, and the gentlemen handsome and gay—and "fair women and brave men" mingled in the mazy dance until the "wee sma' hours." A most delicious lunch of ham sandwiches, salads, pickles, cake, coffee, tea, etc., was served by Mrs. S. P. Keyburn, and this part of the evening's entertainment was highly enjoyed by all present. Many matrons were present as on-lookers and chaperones, gracing the occasion with their presence. Many were present from a distance to enjoy the festivities. We are afraid our report is already too long, so will not attempt to give descriptions of the many beautiful costumes of the ladies. The gentlemen, of course, were all in "full dress."

November 10, 1896. A. B. C.

Graniteville Locals.

Ed. Register—Well, our case has been submitted to the jury, and a verdict rendered against us; but, as in nearly all other cases, we of course have taken an appeal. In this instance it will be four years before our case will be reached, and as we will be able to produce an abundance of new and important evidence which will strengthen our cause, we see no reason why we can't win. In summing up our cause it would only have taken 25,000 votes in the west to have won out with a clear majority, notwithstanding the unprecedented million plurality vote of Mr. McKinley.

To the Hons. Messrs. Scruggs, Marks, et al.; you can't see our "books" in this year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, nor in the years of our Lord ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, and nineteen hundred. No, no, gentlemen! To obtain our votes in putting men of your party in office in Iron county it were better to use kind and persuasive words, instead of insinuating epithets. Our "paw-sucker, G. G. Vest," as you call him, will get there just the same.

On last Tuesday evening, while little Sammy Robinson and Andy Sheehan were playing, the Robinson boy had a gun and was going to shoot at chickens, when the Sheehan boy told him not to shoot the chickens, when he then pointed the gun toward the Sheehan boy, and by some mishap or other the gun was discharged, the ball penetrating his right leg just below the knee joint. Dr. Blanks was sent for, but failed to extract the ball. Mr. Sheehan then took his boy to the city, but an operation was deferred until Sunday, with what result we have not yet learned. At any rate, it is hoped that nothing serious will result. It is said that the boys were the best of friends, and no blame is attached to the accident.

Mrs. Chas. Reno is still confined to her bed and is yet quite ill.

Arrangements are now about all perfected for a Catholic school here. Some 35 children have been enrolled, and school will commence December 1.

A Catholic ball and festival will be given at Workmen's Hall on Monday evening, November 23d, the proceeds of which will go toward the school, and should draw a large patronage, and thus help out a good and urgent cause. Remember the date.

The Schneider, and Sheehan Granite Companies have closed down.

The Syente Company have started one gang of cutters again, and hope to continue right along.

A McKinley bonfire was an exciting time on last Thursday evening in town for a little while, to the hearty enjoyment of all who participated—and much to the disgust of a great many who have felt somewhat crestfallen. Perhaps, though, it's all for the better. It is an old saying what is to be will be, let some what will.

November 10, 1896. CAR.

Jordan News.

The election passed off very quiet here. We haven't heard who was elected yet.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Davenport of De Soto have returned to their home, after a week's visit to friends.

Miss Stella Huff accompanied her sister, Mrs. Davenport to De Soto, where she will remain for a month or so.

Miss Alice Austin of Arcadia is visiting Mrs. Markam this week.

Wm. Shular of Marble Creek visited friends in Jordan this week.

Bellevue Briefs.

Ed. Register—We are having a touch of wintry weather.

J. D. Palmer, wife and son, have returned to their home in Murfreesboro, Illinois.

Mrs. Andrew C. Carty is with relatives in our town.

Dr. "Gib," Carson of St. Louis was hunting in the valley last week, and was the guest of Will Ruddock.

Miss Mary Marr is teaching school on the Imboden.

Miss Laura Thompson is teaching in Ste. Genevieve county.

G. W. Phillips and wife are keeping house in the residence lately occupied by Emmett Imboden.

Rev. R. E. Atkinson and Miss Virida Bell were married on the fourth inst. by Rev. A. S. Coker. The newly wedded couple left on the train that afternoon for Des Moines to visit Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Turner before going to their home in Lesterville. Mr. Atkinson having charge of the Centreville circuit.

Rev. Mr. Curle preached at the Methodist church Sunday morning and is assisting Rev. Coker in a revival meeting at Alum Cave this week.

Will Steward and Miss Ida Imboden were married on the fifth inst. by Rev. J. C. Berryman.

The United Baptists closed a successful meeting Sunday before last at their new church on Read Creek.

Jack Eldson was in Bellevue last Wednesday.

Our election was very quiet and the vote polled was large.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McFarland spent several days with relatives in Reynolds county.

N. Warren and wife were called to Bismarck by the death of Mrs. W.'s nephew, little Bert Townsend.

Col. Chas. E. Ware and Ed. Le Baume, of St. Louis, were hunting in Bellevue with Will Lay Saturday.

They killed a fine lot of quail and rabbits.

Messrs. Peters and Johnston, agents for pianos and organs, will make their headquarters in Bellevue this winter.

They have sold a number of Crown organs, and handle the Crown Concert pianos with automatic orchestral attachments.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fitzpatrick gave a social party last Friday evening in honor of their cousin, Miss Lizzie Fitzpatrick, of Graniteville.

After a brief illness, Mr. William Thompson died at his residence on the sixth inst. After services at the Methodist church by the pastor, the remains were taken to the old homestead for burial. He leaves a widow and four small children. Six children of his first wife also survive him.

On the first day of November Mrs. Hester Hill, widow of Uncle Tommy Hill, quietly entered into rest after many weeks of suffering. Her old tried friend, Rev. J. C. Berryman, conducted the funeral services at her late residence, after which all that was mortal was laid beside her husband in the Presbyterian cemetery at Caledonia.

On the seventh inst. Mrs. Martha McClurg died at her home in Bellevue.

Dr. G. W. Farrar enjoyed a visit from his father and mother last Friday.

Will McKinley will have charge of the Bellevue flouring mills.

Nov. 9, 1896. BELLEVUE.

Good Goods cheap for cash at the Racket Store.

Caledonia Items.

A company of feather renovators has been town the past week.

Rev. H. L. Jenkinson of Festus spent a few days last week with his mother.

The remains of Mrs. Martha McClurg were interred in the Presbyterian cemetery Monday.

Mr. Edward Stout of Centreville visited his grandmother, Mrs. E. G. Brock.

Bellevue Collegiate Institute is progressing nicely under Prof. J. V. Curllin as President. New scholars are still dropping in and quite a number are expected next term. If B. C. I. is "dead," as Conference declared, she will rise again on the resurrection morn.

Prof. Benj. Marbury of St. Louis spent a few days last week with friends here.

An annual Thanksgiving sermon will be preached by Rev. C. P. Foreman in the Methodist Church at 10:30 A. M. In the evening, ice cream, cake and oysters will be served at the College by the Methodist ladies.

Teachers' Association.

Following is the programme for the next meeting of the Iron County Teachers' Association, to be held at Bellevue, Saturday, Nov. 28, 1896: 10:00 A. M.—Devotional—Rev. A. S. Coker.

Arithmetic—Fractions illustrated by class-work—Mr. Hawkins.

Discussion—Miss Maud Fletcher and J. B. Daniel.

Adjournment.

1:30 P. M.—Fifth Reader Class—D. W. Bays.

Discussion—Mr. Sumter and Miss Olson.

Intermission.

2:45 P. M.—Mental Arithmetic in District Schools—Mr. Hale.

Discussion—By the Association. County Supervision—J. B. Daniel.

Discussion—R. M. Hunter and J. L. Hickman.

Moral Training—Rev. A. S. Coker. Reports of Committees and election of officers.

Adjournment.

F. M. VANCE, President.

MISS BERTHA FAIRCHILD, Sec'y.

At the Fair.

Ed. Register—Wednesday, October 7th, being Farmers Day at the Fair, and it being in the programme, Charley was to take me to the fair on that day. As we left home, the angel of the household handed Charley a box of lunch nicely done up, and with a school-bag strap around the box for carrying. When we reached the car line, which was only a block and a half away, where the cars pass each way every two and one-half minutes. So, you see, we did not have to wait long for a car. As we passed along, every few rods the car took on more passengers, until there was no more room, and we were soon at the fair grounds.

As we passed through the wicket we stopped to take a bird's eye view of the grounds, for it had been four years since I was there last, and great changes can be made in four years. I saw the grounds east of the amphitheatre were all occupied with tents of all sorts and shapes and sizes. First was "The Last Days of Pompeii," and if Pompeii was anything like what was represented, it was time for the last days. Such a lot of beings could not get together unless it was the last days of something. Outside of the tents was a kind of stage, with stairs to go up on, and on the stage was a tall, slim man, talking to the crowd, while on each side stood a woman dressed out in all the Eastern torgery you could imagine. Every little while one of those women would begin to shake herself just like a dog that had come out of cold water, when the man would put his hand on her head and shake his head at her. Then she would quiet down for a few minutes. All this time two men seated at the foot would play on a bagpipe, and such a squeaking as they did make! And a boy with two sticks kept up a clatter on a tom-tom. I asked Charley if those fellows that were playing played any tune. He said, "I don't know. If they do, it's in a foreign language." I asked him what the man said. He said, "If you want to get rich, or if you want to keep warm when it's cold, or if you want to keep cool when it's hot, or if you want to keep well, come in to the tent and see the Last Days of Pompeii." Well, as we were not sick, or cold, or hot, we went on.

Next we saw a woman out on a style beside a car just talking. She said they had a petrified woman inside of the car; but as I had rather look at a half dozen live women than one petrified woman, we went on.

Next, we saw a snake-charmer standing on a stage with a big rattlesnake around his neck, and one around his arm and talking. Said he had five hundred kinds of snakes in his car. I told Charley I had seen all the snakes in my life I cared to see. So we left.

Next came Wild Bill and his band of broncho-riders, with a band—and such a looking set, and such music! And so the grounds were filled, where in other days you saw things to learn something from.

And just on the west side of the amphitheatre were two merry-go-rounds. One was a real curiosity. It was up high, with a solid floor, and suspended by wire cables from the top of a mast on which the thing revolved. Four young men were under the floor, which was higher than their heads. When they wanted to make the thing go round, they would push it; when it got to going fast they would catch hold of one side and pull it down towards the ground that would throw the other side way up twenty or more feet high, then that side would sink down and the other side go up—just like the waves of the ocean. It was very interesting to see the folks hang on to the seats as it would go down into the deep. It made me think of the old play we used to play in the old times, as we marched around saying,

"Riding in the boat when the wind blows high,

Riding in the boat when the colors they dye by."

Waiting to kiss some pretty girl by and by!"

After looking as long as we cared about, we went to look at the chickens. This is a very large building, filled with the greatest variety and the greatest number of all kinds of chickens I ever saw; with incubators, where you saw the eggs hatching out chickens; and from that all the way up to old hens and roosters. I think it was the best chicken show I ever saw. And turkeys, geese, ducks, peewees. One old rooster, it said, on his legs weighed forty pounds, and I am certain I have killed old wild gobblers big as that one.

After looking as long as we cared about, we went to the sheep-pens, and such sheep I never saw before. Just think! A sheep that would weigh three hundred pounds! It was worth all it cost to go to see such sheep and hogs as were there. Hogs that weighed nine hundred pounds; another eight hundred; another seven hundred—and so on down.

After looking at the sheep and hogs, we went to see the farm machinery, wagons and carriages. We saw at one place a grain drill, made small, all silvered over. To it was hitched a pair of the smallest ponies I ever saw—not much bigger than a Newfoundland dog. The driver was an oldish man, with a mustache. He was not more than three feet tall, and wore a suit of black, old-style skirted coat, and a silk hat. As he rode the drill and drove the ponies, I could not help thinking of boys playing.

By the time we had seen all the machinery and wagons, buggies, hay-presses, corn-planners, corn-huskers, feed-cutters, hay-rakes and such things, I felt as though I would like to see what was in that box Charley had been carrying all the time. So we went to a good shade, for it was hot in the sunshine, and enjoyed such a lunch as none but a loving daughter and wife could put up for hungry men. Ham sandwiches, cake, chicken, grapes, pears, etc., and it did taste good. As I had been walking so much and I felt so tired, I told Charley I would put in the rest of the day at this amphitheatre looking at the fine stock and fast horses; he could go round as much as he pleased, I would remain at one place, so he could find me at any time.

As I sat and looked at all the sights that were to be seen, I saw one of the funniest looking fellows, dressed out as you see the comic picture of Uncle Sam: his hat, coat and pants striped

I. G. WHITWORTH, Sr., President. WM. R. EDGAR, Vice-President.
J. W. CRAVEN, Cashier.

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GRAND

Soiree and Festival!

Under the Auspices of the Catholic Ladies of

GRANITEVILLE,

Monday Ev'g, Nov. 23, 1896

AT WORKMEN'S HALL.